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HAVE ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT
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A Splendid Assortment
of
Monnet Trimmings,
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MISS E. D. RILEY
WISHES TO INFORM THE PUBLIC that she has
NEW AND FASHIONABLE
MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT
on Main street, East end of town, at the residence
of widow Thompson, where she has on hand a
large assortment of Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flow-
ers, etc., of the very latest style, and is also pre-
pared to make, trim and repair Bonnets in the most
skillful manner.
St. Clairsville, April 19, 1883.

Belmont Chronicle.

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ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, JULY 9, 1883.

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THE ATROCITIES OF SLAVERY.

An Episode in Gen. Butler's Ad-
ministration at New Orleans.

A writer in the July number of the At-
lantic Monthly gives an interesting history
of the events of the month in New Orleans dur-
ing the administration of Gen. Butler.
The author was a member of Gen. Butler's
staff. We quote one or two incidents:

Since my return to the North, I have
heard a number of gentlemen—former po-
litical associates of Gen. Butler—compare
his "nervous conversion" (here they al-
ways look, and apparently mean to be,
severely sarcastic) on the slavery question
with that of Saul of Tarsus to Christianity.
If the last two years of our history have
failed to educate them up to the meaning of
this war, I confess that I think them almost
incorrigible; yet I cannot believe that even
they, if they had had the experience which
has placed not only Gen. Butler, but almost
every one of the twenty thousand men com-
posing the old "Army of the Gulf," firmly
on the side of freedom to all, of whatever
complexion, could longer withstand the dic-
tates of God and humanity.

Let me describe one or two of the scenes
I witnessed in New Orleans, that opened
my eyes to the true nature of human bond-
age. The following incident is the same so
well told by the General himself to the com-
mittee of the New York Chamber of
Commerce, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in
January last, and which was then reported
in full in the New York Times. One of my
objects in repeating this story is to illustrate
my implicit confidence—inspired by my
knowledge of his character—in the Gen-
eral's humanity and championship of the
weak and down trodden.

Just previous to the arrival of General
Butler in New Orleans I was appointed
Deputy Provost Marshal of the city, and
held the office for some days after he had
assumed command. One day during the
last week of our stay in the South, a young
woman of about twenty years called upon
me to complain that her landlord had or-
dered her out of her house, because she
was unable longer to pay the rent, and she
wished me to authorize her to take posses-
sion of one of her father's houses that had
been confiscated, he being a wealthy Rebel,
then in the Confederacy, and actively en-
gaged in the Rebellion.

The girl was a perfect blonde in complexion;
her hair was of a very pretty, light
shade of brown, and perfectly straight; her
eyes a clear, honest gray; and her skin as
delicate and fair as a child's. Her manner
was modest and unassuming, and her lan-
guage indicated much intelligence.

Considering these circumstances, I think
I was justified in wheeling around in my
chair and indulging in an unequivocal stare
of incredulous amazement, when in the
course of conversation she dropped a re-
mark which was a bombshell to me.

"Do you mean to tell me," said I, "that
you have negro blood in your veins?" "I
was conscious of a feeling of embarrassment
at asking a question so apparently preposterous."
"Yes," she replied, and then related the
history of her life, which I shall repeat in
my own words.

"My father," she commenced, "is Mr.
Cox, formerly a judge of one of the courts
in this city. He was very rich, and owned
a great many slaves. There is one of them
over there," she remarked, naively, point-
ing to a handsome residence opposite my
office in Canal Street. "My mother was
one of his slaves. When I was suffi-
ciently grown, he placed me at school at the
Mechanics Institute Seminary, on Broad-
way, New York. I remained there until I
was about fifteen years of age, when Mr.
Cox came on to New York and took me
from the school, where I had been a board-
ing scholar, and placed me in his mistress's
house, at the age of twenty-one. I am the
mother of a boy five years old who is my
father's son. After remaining some time
in New York, he took me to Cincinnati and
other cities at the North, in all of which I
continued to live with him as before.

"The soldiers in the Free States," I in-
quired him to give me a deed of manumission;
but on our return to New Orleans he
obtained it from me, and destroyed it. At
this time I tried to break off the unnatural
connection, whereupon he caused me to be
publicly whipped in the streets of the city,
and then obliged me to marry a colored
man; and now he has run off, leaving me
without the least provision against want or
actual starvation, and I ask you to give me
one of his houses that I may have a home
for myself and three little children."

Strange and improbable as this story ap-
peared, I remembered, as it progressed, that
I had heard from Gov. Shepley, who, as
well as Gen. Butler, had investigated it,
and learned that it was not only true in
every particular, but was perfectly familiar
to the citizens of New Orleans, by whom
Judge Cox had been elected to administer
justice.

The works of my office, most of whom
were old residents of the city, were well in-
formed in the facts of the case, and attested
the truth of the girl's story.

Cox had not been considerate enough to
leave a carriage and a pair of boys on his
hands, that I might have had the satisfac-
tion of enabling his daughter to disport
herself about the city in a style correspond-
ing to her importance as a member of so
wealthy and respectable a family.

And this story that I have just told re-
minds me of another, similar in many re-
spects.

One Sunday morning, late last summer,
as I came down stairs to the breakfast-room,
I was surprised to find a large number of
persons assembled in the library.

When I reached the door, a member of
the Staff took me by the arm, and drew me
into the room toward a window, and delicate
muted girl who was standing against the
opposite wall, with the meek, patient bear-
ing of her race, so expressive of the system
of repression to which they have been so
long subjected.

Drawing down the border of her dress,
she showed me a sight more re-
volting than I trust ever to behold.

The poor girl's back was flayed until the
quivering flesh resembled a fresh beefsteak
scorched on a gridiron. With a cold chill
creeping through my veins, I turned away
from the sickening spectacle, and for an ex-
planation of the affair scanned the various
persons about the room.

In the center of the group, at his writing
table, sat the General. His head rested on
his hand, and he was evidently endeavoring
to fix his attention upon the remarks of a
tall, swarthy looking man who stood op-
posite, and who, I soon discovered, was the
owner of the girl, and was attempting a
defense of the foul outrage he had com-
mitted upon the unresisting and helpless
person of his unfortunate victim, who stood
smiling, but silent, under the dreadful
pain inflicted by the brutal lash.

By the side of the slaveholder stood our
Adjutant-General, his face livid with al-
most irrepressible rage, and his fists tight-
clenched, as if to violently restrain him-
self from visiting the guilty wretch with sum-
mary and retributive justice. Disposed
about the room, in various attitudes, but all
exhibiting in their countenances the same
mingled feelings of horror and indignation,
stood the members of the Staff, while near
the door, stood three or four house-ser-
vants, who were witnesses in the case.

To the charge of having administered
the inhuman chastisement, Landry (the owner
of the girl) pleaded guilty, but urged in
extenuation that the girl had dared to make
an effort for that freedom which her in-
stincts, drawn from the veins of her abuser,
had taught her was the God-given right of
all who possess the germ of immortality, no
matter what the color of the casket in which
it is hidden.

"I was drawn from the veins of her abuser,"
he declared, "because she declared she was
his daughter, and every one in the room, look-
ing upon the man and woman confronting
each other, confessed that the resemblance
justified the assertion."

After the conclusion of all the evidence
in the case, the General continued in the
sublimely self-satisfied manner of a man
some time apparently lost in abstraction. I
shall never forget the singular expression
on his face.

I had been accustomed to see him in a
storm of passion at any instance of oppres-
sion or flagrant injustice; but on this occa-
sion he was too deeply affected to obtain re-
lief in the usual way.

His whole air was one of dejection, al-
most listlessness; his indignation too in-
tense, and his anger too stern, to find ex-
pression even in his countenance.

Never have I seen that peculiar look but
on three or four occasions similar to what
I am narrating, when I know he was pon-
dering upon the baleful curse that had cast
its withering blight upon all around, until
the manhood and humanity were crushed out
of the people, and outrages such as the
above were looked upon with complacency,
and the perpetrators treated as respected
and worthy citizens.

"The great truth," that, however man
might endeavor to guide this war to the ad-
vantage of a favorite idea or sagacious policy,
the Almighty was directing it surely
and steadily for the purification of our coun-
try from this greatest of national sins.

A Leisure Day in Philadelphia.

"Agate," the entertaining and spicy cor-
respondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, has
been spending a leisure day in Philadelphia,
and writes a pleasant letter describing the
sights he saw in the beautiful Quaker City.

We quote some passages from his letter,
which we are sure our readers will enjoy:

"DRIFTING ABOUT."
Yesterday evening Judge Kelley, the emi-
nent Philadelphia Congressman and orator,
was good enough to call and propose play-
ing the chessmen to us a few hours to-day,
and so we sauntered into the city to await his
arrival. We have hardly a moment to watch
the throng that always makes the great
Eastern hotel rotunda, or office, or hall and
reading rooms, so curious a study, when,
punctual to the minute, the Judge makes
his appearance. We are to drift about with
him, he tells us, and without being formu-
lary put are presented with a prospect so
wearisome that none but the most verdant
will submit to it. We are to trust to him
in this drifting about, to show us some
pleasant phases of Philadelphia that our
hurried business visits are not likely to have
discovered; and so we saunter forth.

We are presently stopped at Chestnut
street, first to be presented to the man who
made Simon Cameron deny that he was
trying to get McCallen back; then to bow to
a dapper, genial looking, antique personage,
who proves to be none other than the Phila-
delphia celebrity, David Paul Brown.

CONGRESSMAN'S OFFICE IN VACATION.
And then we saunter on to the Judge's
office, almost in the shadow of sacred old
Independence Hall. The office of a popu-
lar Congressman on the Administration
side, in a great city, is as curious a study,
in its way, as aught else the city affords.

This man has a little contract, that only needs
a kind word from the Congressman to make
it secure, and would be kind enough to
write a line to Secretary and so, simply
saying that the bearer is a reliable man.
This gentleman has a son in the army, who
has been involved in some youthful esca-
pade that don't look well on paper, and
can't you do something for him, sir? The
Department has certainly made a gross
mistake in its interpretation of that stream
of the town he is breaking and writing them
constraining against it? And so the saunter
pours on.

Finally we make our escape, cross over to
Locust street, and stop before a Philadel-
phia house, which, to anybody who has ever
been here, and who are going into this
work for the defense of the State, for call-
ing out a valuable element of their military
strength, for relieving, by so much, the
burdens of their white population—in short,
these practical men are undertaking it solely
as a practical question of time and money.

What a chance! Scarcely six months ago, to ad-
vocate the arming of negroes was to horri-
ficate all the respectable conservatives of the
Union party, and to furnish the opposition
a weapon so formidable against us that, from
all quarters there came up to Congress, last
winter, earnest appeals to Union members
to commit themselves to some such policy.
The day for raising a panic over negro
enlistment has passed; and it, like con-
fiscation, emancipation and a dozen other
bitterly denounced "Abolition measures,"
has passed as an accepted fact into the his-
tory of the war. It is no longer a theory or
experiment, and it has ceased to be a
party question—in Philadelphia at least.

THE LOYAL LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE.
But this is one of our common League
headquarters, we are told; you must see the
Club House. And so we cross to the fasti-
gious old Chestnut street, and enter the
staring white marble steps, and, passing be-
hind elegantly framed oil portraits of
Washington and Jackson, enter the door of
a large "double house," four or five stories
high, and externally differing in no respect
from the best class of Philadelphia private
residences. A single looking into the Court
seems to be guarding the door from unau-
thorized intrusion, but the Judge's is a
well-known face, and we pass in without
question.

To the right is an elegantly furnished
smoking room, with all manner of bache-
lor necessities, and, to the left, the large
handsome saloon, where the formal recep-
tion room of the Club. A full-length
portrait of Henry Clay occupies the place of
honor; other pictures of eminent American
statesmen adorn the walls, interspersed
with tattered battle flags and other relics
of the war.

Ascending to the second story, we enter
spacious apartments just over the parlors,
forming the reading room of the Club. A
Every magazine paper of the country and
every pamphlet of any note is on file; the
leading foreign newspapers, from the Era
and News down to the Times, are like-
wise on the shelves, and there are a few
collections of less important journals, and the
whole brood of pamphlets the war has
brought forth. In a conspicuous position
hangs a bit of shot riddled, coarse colored
bunting that is as sacred now as the old
chair in Independence Hall—It is Kearney's
battle flag, and it waved in the front in
every battle where that gallant soldier led, till
at last in his three valor, he flamed out the
life beside its blood-red folds at Chantilly.

Well may the Loyal League lay it up among
its sacred relics, with the letter of donation
from Kearney's soldiers fastened to it.

There are other treasures here—flags of
Philadelphia regiments, with the proud
blazonry of a dozen battle fields, all shot-
torn and blood stained now, but sacred ever-
more; swords that stout sons of Philadel-
phia have wielded in our cause, and, cross-
ing these on the Club house walls, other
flags surrendered, after well fought battles,
by South Carolina, Virginia and Georgia
traitors; relics from scores of battles that
generations to come will prize and study
over as we now prize the old "Queen's arm"
that did good service on that first brave day
at Banker's Hill.

Other stories are devoted to the work of
the League, document rooms, mailing and
folding rooms and the like, and to the co-
caine. Clerks are busy sending off documents,
pamphlets on all phases of the Secession
question, speeches in defense of all dis-
puted points of our policy. Solicitor Whiting's
essay on the constitutional grant of war pow-
ers to the President, statements of the con-
dition of our national finances, discussions of
English neutrality, "the Alabama a British
pirate?" "the conscription with speech-
es by Judge Kelley, and letters from Sec-

retary Chase," and, among a host of oth-
ers, Geo. H. Baker's new poem, "The Sea
and Louisiana."

"Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are feeling well;
Newspapers and weeklies strong
Newspapers and weeklies strong
To the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true;
Hail them as conquerors and
Fight in field of truth;
Beware the black regiment!"

Among the scores of packages we notice
numbers addressed to Ohio post offices; and
one to Richmond, Indiana; while of course
the interior of Pennsylvania is being "fed"
with special care.

The Judge seats himself to begin the
work of franking documents; and, declining
an invitation to launch in the Club House,
and with many thanks, we leave out kind
chaperon to his task. This Club House is
doing in Philadelphia what hitherto has
been deemed an impossibility—it is giving
to radical Unionists the "lower stamp"
of aristocracy. Fifty dollars fees for admis-
sion, luxuries appointments and elegant
surroundings are appointed to give it quite
enough expense to make it at once exclu-
sive and fashionable; while it serves to path-
er into the unreserved intimacy of the Club,
the earnest workers and progressives among
the best classes of the city. Some of the
Ward Loyal Leagues also have Club Houses
of their own, which in all cases are at least
quite as much social as political; but this
aims to be the exclusive, fashionable Club
of the City.

"NOTES AMBROSIAE."
In the evening I was fortunate enough
to meet Miss Dickinson again, at tea, at the
elegant residence of a friend in one of the
suburbs of the city. Her career as a public
speaker in Connecticut, and subsequently
before the most crowded and fashionable
critical audiences in Cooper Institute and the
Brooklyn and Philadelphia Opera
Houses, had seemed to me so wonderful,
that even the bias interest of a professional
journalist was aroused to see what could be
the elements of this remarkable popularity;
and I I studied her rather in the light of a
rare specimen of natural history than as a
well-bred and accomplished young lady, that
woman's failing, curiosity must be my ex-
cuse.

"Did you come prepared to climb the
great cherry tree, as you once threatened,"
she asked, the fair hostess, as the young
lady entered, all sparkle and vivacity with
the excitement of her ride. "Oh, no, I'm
all done up," with a rueful glance at her
modest crimson and Quaker like silk,
"and I must be on my good behavior,
how ever provoking!" and the pretty poet
was just as attractive in its way as the
"done up" toilette.

It was hard to realize that "this little
witch," as my friend, the Judge, had auda-
ciously called her, this gay school-girl,
dashing off into all manner of charming ex-
travaganzas, as school girls will, merrily de-
scribing some rather well preserved effron-
tery, to realize that this young lady, who
heard other gay school girls do, who, in-
stead of facing a multitude of critical listen-
ers from the Opera House platform, would
have found it sufficiently trying to try her
nerves to encounter a well developed spider,
or the like "horrid old thing"—it was
hard to say, to realize that this young
lady, and (if I must confess it) bewitching young
damsel was the stirring orator whom Henry
Ward Beecher and other not less worthy
clergies had covered with such unbounded
eulogy, and whose ringing periods had even
been sufficient to rouse enthusiasm in the
frozen soul of William Cullen Bryant him-
self.

Happening to be out to tea with a charm-
ing Quaker family in the city, the evening
before, I had discovered that the worthy
Friends were not quite satisfied with "An-
na's" worldly tendencies, and one fairly lady,
who had herself progressed into the van-
ities of personal adornment and elegant re-
sistance, had said, "These things we don't
think Anna does all those things without
assistance. We think Lucretia writes her
speeches for her." But that evening was
sufficient to convince any one that Lucretia
Mott had more to do with the preparation
than with the delivery of one brilliant
speeches that have won their young author
so deserved a reputation.

Her retorts on the platform would indeed
be sufficient for that. She was speaking
once, as I happened to have heard, to a
large audience in New Jersey, and chanced
to refer in casual terms to some action of
Gen. McClellan's. A party seated near
me, however, in high indignation, and
with much unnecessary noise, and an air
intended to express intense disgust, went
clattering down the aisle. His demonstra-
tion was so marked that neither audience
nor speaker could fail to notice it. Ah! I
said the orator calmly, "I have said what
I have said, and the audience, as I have
no doubt, that gentleman is a McClellan
man, and deems it his duty to limit his
chief, who always thought it expedient
to make a rapid movement to the rear when
shot and shell began to grow troublesome
in front. Lucretia Mott would hardly
have furnished that, and yet it is but one
of a score of equally pungent retorts I have
heard of her making.

Of course she is radical, as all women of
culture are likely to be, (from Margaret
Fuller to Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Browning),
and of course, like all other women, she
sometimes jumps to illogical conclusions
without any touch of reasoning on her part.
It was amusing to see how demurely
she received a remonstrance against some
of her complaints about the slow progress
and hesitating steps of the Administration
along paths that seemed to her so plain,
and how she swallowed her dissatisfaction
like a dose of medicine, and proceeded
to sing and see things on their most hopeful
side. Not less amusing was to see her
flame out into an invective, (not quite just,
I thought on the platform would have carried
audience off their feet, against the high
of the week's panic at Harrisburg; and, to
a toughening old bachelor, inexpressibly
tiresome, to see the intense (and very sin-
cere) rage with which she denounced some
luckless speaker who had insulted the whole
female sex by calling Ex President Buch-
anan an old woman in pantaloons!

But enough! This young girl, so bril-
liant, so magnetic, so wonderfully gifted, is
a real Genius; and God gives us so few of
these, we may be pardoned the newspapers,
in spite of their wearing crinolines.

Old Hundred.

In a rustic old church opposite, while we
write, a company of worshippers are sing-
ing the old, old hymn, "Be thou, O God,
exalted high." The air is old, also; and
the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that
tune, and if the worship of immortals is
carried on the wings of angels, heaven,
how often has he heard the declaration:
"They are singing 'Old Hundred' now!"

The solemn strain carries us back to the
time of the Reformers—Luther and his
devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first
to strike the grand old chords in the public
sanctuary of his own Germany. From his
own stenographer lungs they rolled, vibrating
through vaulted cathedral roof, but
along a grander arch, the eternal heavens.
He wrought into each note his own sublime
faith, and stamped it with faith's immor-
tality. Hence it cannot die! Neither men
nor angels will let it slumber in oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where
sealed lips lie that have not sung that tune?
If they were gray, old men, they heard or
sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes,
they smiled as their mothers rocked them
to sleep singing "Old Hundred." Sinner
nor angel will let it slumber in oblivion.

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to sleep singing "Old Hundred." Sinner
nor angel will let it slumber in oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where
sealed lips lie that have not sung that tune?
If they were gray, old men, they heard or
sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes,
they smiled as their mothers rocked them
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or less) one or three insert-
ions.....\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion.....\$0.50
Three squares, three insertions.....\$2.00
One square, one insertion.....\$0.50

Business Cards, of four or seven lines, publish-
ed one year and paper free.....\$5.00
If Merchants' advertising, not exceeding one-fourth
of a column at any time, \$1.00 per year. A half column
not exceeding four changes, \$2.00. A column, not over
four changes, \$3.00.

Advertisements not accompanied with written di-
rections will be inserted until full, and charged accord-
ingly.
SPECIAL NOTICES AND DOINGS. COLUMNS ADVERTISING
TRADEMARKS once and a half the rate of ordinary adver-
tisements.

Old Hundred.

In a rustic old church opposite, while we
write, a company of worshippers are sing-
ing the old, old hymn, "Be thou, O God,
exalted high." The air is old, also; and
the immortal "Old Hundred."